

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the museum
Not a volunteer was humming, not even singing a hymn
The Poe House was all locked up with care
In hopes that there would be no more tours this year
Leisa & Megan all nestled at their desk
Working on visions of programs is what they do best
While I'm in my office with spreadsheets and phones
Wondering how much time before I go home

When down on first floor we heard such a splatter
We screamed out for Jim to see what was the matter
Away to the elevator Jim flew in a flash....
Just in case someone had stolen our cash
With a pencil & paper and a list of good deeds
We knew at that moment it was David Reid
He whipped out his pad and started to shout
All of you volunteers must come on out....
Now Jauneza! Now Peggy! Now Mara & Anne
On Don, On Karl, On Charles and On Stewart the man
And to all Volunteers we stand up and cheer

With hopes that you will come back next year

Betty opened the gift shop and stayed very near, because

Van & Joan were at the desk and that was our fear

But everything rang up and turned out alright....So

Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night....